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THE PROTECTION OF WILD BIRDS.

SOME time during the session of 1872, a measure was passed quietly through parliament, which has not received the attention it deserves, especially from those—and we hope their name is legion—who take an interest in our native wild birds. The bill is entitled, 'An Act for the Protection of certain Wild Birds during the Breeding Season,' and is technically known as 35 and 36 Vict. chap. 78, and is no doubt intended as a very natural supplement to one passed in a previous session, of a similar kind. This was entitled, 'An Act for the Preservation of Sea Birds,' June 24, 1869, and states: 'Whereas the sea birds of the United Kingdom have of late years greatly decreased in number; it is expedient, therefore, to provide for their protection during the breeding season'—'Be it enacted, that the words "Sea Birds" shall, for all the purposes of this Act, be deemed to include the different species of auk, bonxie, Cornish chough, coulerneb, diver, eider-duck, fulmar, gannet, grebe, guillemot, gull, kittiwake, loon, marrot, merganser, murre, oyster-catcher, petrel, puffin, razorbill, scout, smew, solan goose, tarrock, tern tystey, and willock.' Any person convicted of taking, wounding, or killing any of the birds named, between the 1st of April and the 1st of August in any year, shall pay a sum of money not exceeding one pound, 'provided always' (a proviso intended doubtless for the protection of those who make a livelihood by rock-fowling upon the precipitous ledges of St Kilda, Bass, &c.) 'that this section shall not apply where the said sea bird is a young one unable to fly.'

The Act we are now considering, passed in 1872, for the protection of another class of birds, is full of the strangest inconsistencies. The proverbial coach-and-four which is said to be drivable through almost any act of parliament, may easily be run through this one, without much skill on the part of the driver. When we consider many of the names included in the favoured catalogue, and the large number of familiar friends left out, we confess ourselves unable to reconcile the act with

a measure of impartial justice to all, or nearly all, our feathered friends. The Act is a very short one, and states briefly: 'Whereas it is expedient to provide for the protection of certain wild birds during the breeding season, from the 15th March to the 1st of August every year: any person who shall knowingly or with intent, kill, wound, or take, or expose, or offer for sale any of the wild birds enumerated in the schedule, shall, on conviction before a magistrate for a first offence, be reprimanded and discharged, on payment of costs and summons, and for every subsequent offence such sum of money as, including costs, shall not exceed five shillings.' It also declares that the words 'wild birds shall for all its purposes be deemed to include the birds specified in the schedule;' and the schedule list, which is a curiosity in its way, is as under.* This list contains seventy-nine names; but as some fortunate individuals are named two or three times, the same bird having various local names, as the curlew, with its Border cognomen whaup—the lapwing again as pewit—the stone-curlew as thicknee—both coming in again under the family designation plover, the actual number of birds protected is considerably reduced. All that noble order, Raptores, or birds of prey,

* Avocet, Bittern, Blackcap, Chiffchaff, Coot, Creeper, Crossbill, Cuckoo, Curlew, Dotterel, Dunbird, Dunlin, Flycatcher, Godwit, Golden-crested Wren, Goldfinch, Greenshank, Hawfinch or Grosbeak, Hedgesparrow, Kingfisher, Landrail, Lapwing, Mallard, Martin, Moor (or Water) Hen, Nightingale, Nightjar, Nut-hatch, Owl, Oxbird, Pewit, Phalarope, Pipit, Plover, Ploverspage, Pochard, Purge, Quail, Redpoll, Redshank, Redstart, Robin Redbreast, Ruff and Reeve, Sanderling, Sand Grouse, Sandpiper, Sea-lark, Shoveller, Siskin, Snipe, Spoonbill, Stint, Stone-curlew, Stonechat, Stonehatch, Summer Snipe, Swallow, Swan, Swift, Teal, Thicknee, Titmouse (long-tailed), Titmouse (bearded), Wagtail, Warbler (Dartford), Warbler (Reed), Warbler (Sedge), Whaup, Wheatear, Whinchat, Whimbrell, Widgeon, Woodcock, Wild Duck, Woodlark, Woodpecker, Woodwren, Wren, Wryneck.

with one judicious exception, are rigidly excluded from all participation in the benefits of the law, which gives it the appearance of having been passed to aid indirectly the preservation of our game birds, such as the partridge, grouse, and pheasant. The exception referred to is that useful but too often unappreciated, owl, whose protection, during part of the year, may do something to counteract that strange obliquity of vision, which so often possesses the agricultural mind with a burning desire to convert an active *living* benefactor into a *dead* glass-cased ornament of the parlour mantelpiece. The magpie and that handsome but somewhat noisy bird the jay, receive no quarter in the bill; but are they not strongly suspected of a sneaking predilection for poached eggs? The phalarope, a comparatively rare bird, that is usually reckoned to visit our shores only in winter (when the Act is not in force), figures amongst the favoured few, as do also the teal, the widgeon, and the wild duck; but a wild-geese chase may be started any time all the year round. Any one who can manage to get within shooting distance of the stately flying heron, may stop his majestic flight, and hush his screeching voice without restriction; but the 'bittern's quavering trump on high,' as Hogg puts it, can be sounded during close-time with impunity. The common dipper or water-ousel, that the loiterer by any unfrequented stream may see darting rapidly past—the white breast glancing like a sheen of light—or diving under the water in search of water-beetles, caddis-worms, and other insects, is denied protection, probably because he is thought to have a partiality for the ova of trout and salmon; whilst the kingfisher, that lives almost exclusively on fish, receives the benefit of law. If the kingfisher is as delicate in his taste as he is brilliant in colour, he will, no doubt, like a sensible fellow, help himself occasionally to a dainty bit of young salmon, seeing that the law allows him by no means little bill a free run for four months every year, without fear of being taken up by the keeper and brought before the squire.

The nearest relatives of the water-ousel, the thrushes, are all left out in the cold by this so-called protector of wild birds. This is not a matter of much consequence, so far as some of the family are concerned, such as the fieldfare and the redwing, that only visit us in winter, and leave us again early in the year for breeding purposes; but that the missel-thrush, or storm-cock as he is sometimes called, that splendid soprano the song-thrush, and the blackbird with his rich contralto, should be excluded from the list, is a mystery which is perhaps intelligible only to gardeners. Independent of their musical throats, the invaluable services these pretty songsters render to man in spring and early summer, by ridding his fields and gardens of innumerable snails, grubs, caterpillars, and other voracious devourers of vegetation, ought surely to condone their offences in the garden when the fruit is ripe and tempting. The Ettrick Shepherd, in one of his most musical songs, warbles:

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he loves to see;
And up upon the tapmost bough,
Oh, a happy bird is he!

which is no doubt true as well as poetic; but his

happiness would certainly not be increased if he knew that his mate and her dusky brood were denied that shelter of the law enjoyed by the fussy little wren with her crowded but beautifully constructed dwelling in the adjoining thicket, whose family make up in number what they lack in size.

The large tribe of finches receive scant recognition in the Act; though why the hawfinch, with a well-known appetite for peas, should have a legal standing denied to the sweet singing linnet, the sprightly bullfinch, and that dapper little dandy the chaffinch, with his bold defiant strain, one cannot understand. The buntings are all unrecognised; even that bright flitting ornament, the plaintive-dittied yellow-hammer, who in summer-time sings from the hedgerow for

A little bit of bread, but no-o-o cheese,

as are also some of our finest warblers, like the lively and melodious white-throat. That indefatigable worker, the starling, whose incessant industry in supplying the craving appetites of his hungry brood with slugs, caterpillars, worms, and the larvae of many destructive insects, ought to place him in the British farmer's list of valued friends, is left to defend himself, his mate, and progeny, as best he may.

Of the many varieties of our native titmice, only two, the long-tailed and the bearded, are admitted into the charmed circle of the law. The great tit, the crested, the cole, the marsh, and that amusing little mountebank, the blue titmouse, whose special vanity is a bit of suet, are all subject to an exclusive distinction, as invidious as it is unaccountable. Writing of the diminutive blue titmouse, the Rev. J. G. Wood says: 'Being almost exclusively an insect-eating bird, and a most voracious little creature, it renders invaluable service to the agriculturist and the gardener, by discovering and destroying the insects which crowd upon trees and plants in the early days of spring, and which, if not removed, would effectually injure a very large proportion of the fruit and produce. In the course of a single day, a pair of blue titmice were seen to visit their nest four hundred and seventy-five times, never bringing less than one large caterpillar, and generally two or three small ones. These birds, therefore, destroyed on the average upwards of five hundred caterpillars daily; being a minimum of fifteen thousand during the few weeks employed in rearing their young.'

Perhaps one of the most singular anomalies of the Act is found in the fact that, though the comparatively obscure sea-lark, the not very common woodlark, and the merry little titlark—under the name of pipit—are all protected during incubation, that universal favourite, the skylark, is left to the tender mercies of any wandering vagabond! The skylark, who is not only an exquisite singer in himself, but the cause of song in others—some of the finest lyrics in our language owing to him their theme and inspiration—is denied the grace accorded to the grating corn-crake (landrail). Nineteenth-century legislative wisdom has practically outlawed the

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky,
of Wordsworth; the

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,

of the Ettrick Shepherd; and the 'blithe spirit' invoked by Shelley to

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,

The world would listen *then*, as I am listening now.

Poor skylark! thy opportunities of discoursing eloquent music seem to be growing gradually less. What with the increasing demands of the half-sated epicure, and the rapid advance of that typical implement of modern agriculture, the mowing-machine—a veritable car of Juggernaut to the inhabitants of our meadows—thy chances of life become daily less and less.

Many of our feathered favourites omitted from this capricious catalogue have no doubt been left out under the impression that they were neither the friends of the farmer nor the gardener; but the example of some of our continental neighbours ought to warn us that a system of bird-repression is almost sure to be followed by a policy of preservation, the ravages of teeming insects being far worse than any committed by their natural destroyers. As the 'Old Norfolk Farmer,' in his valuable work on *Agriculture, Ancient and Modern*, wisely remarks: 'What would not the farmers of Australia and New Zealand give if our farmers could transport a whole colony of sparrows and other birds to those regions, where the insects exist in such multitudes as, in some seasons, to eat up everything eatable.' To this we answer—now that these birds have actually been acclimatised at the antipodes—'their best thanks.'

Finally, the Old Farmer sums up his long experience in words we heartily commend to the earnest regard of every one interested in the subject, by saying: 'We have long come to the conclusion, that the small birds do more *good* than *harm*, if attention is paid to them at those seasons of the year when the seed-corn is exposed, or the crops are ripening. An active lad on each side of a field, and a few scarecrows in the middle, will do much to abate the mischief, especially if seconded by a gentle shot occasionally from the farmer himself.'

In corroboration of the eminent authority just quoted, the writer has a letter from a Cumberland farmer who has long made the habits of our native wild birds the subject of careful and intelligent observation. He bears emphatic testimony to the preponderance of good over evil done by them to the farm generally, though he admits the ill they do at certain seasons is very trying to the bucolic temper. The rook is a sad sinner in this respect, destroying in a few hours the result of many days of the husbandman's patient labour in the turnip and potato field. Yet he more than compensates for any injury he does by his systematic destruction of that terrible scourge, the wireworm. Our Cumberland friend, carefully observing the ever-varying operations of nature, and thereby giving an additional zest to his daily farm occupations, makes even the wood-pigeon not so bad as it is usually supposed to be. Of two wood-pigeons shot in a barley-stubble field, he says: 'Seeing their greatly distended crops, I had the curiosity to count the grains of barley they contained, and found in the first, eight hundred and twenty grains, and in the second, nine hundred and fifty-six grains, of a very fair sample.' As a set-off, however, to this excessive gluttony 'all among the

barley,' he continues: 'In many of their crops I have found the seeds of various kinds of weeds that are very injurious to the growing corn. Of these seeds, there is not the least doubt but that they pick up a large quantity, and, by so doing, do a deal of good. I can safely say, that any ill we suffer from wood-pigeons on this farm is not worth mentioning; but I have no doubt it may be different where there are large woods.'

Surely one of the most palpable oversights in this unequal piece of humane legislation is the fact, that though certain birds are protected during incubation, no provision is made for the preservation of their eggs. Though by this omission the birds are only half-protected, the Act is no doubt well intentioned, and in the right direction; and if the word *certain* were struck out, and the schedule list itself withdrawn, it might then be made to include *all* wild birds, with clauses empowering farmers, gardeners, and others to protect their crops and fruit, at critical periods, from the ravages of those birds that appear at certain seasons to shew a destructive disposition. Dame Nature would then maintain her own proper balance of bird and insect life.

WALTER'S WORD.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—ON PAROLE.

THE apprehensions of Walter respecting the future fate of himself and his companion were, happily for the latter, by no means shared by Mr Brown. Even when made to understand that there would be some difficulty in getting the ransom into the hands of Corrali, he could not conceive but that he would be willing to wait for days, and even weeks, for a sum that must needs appear to him indeed 'beyond the dreams of avarice,' and which he himself had been occupied for twenty years in amassing. He was not, it is true, so incredulous regarding the audacity of brigand behaviour, as during the first twelve hours of his capture; but he did not believe that they would proceed to such extremities as those at which the brigand chief was wont to hint. When, as often happened, the camp was short of food, under which circumstances the prisoners' fare was neither better nor worse than their captors', the merchant was more depressed than in the days of plenty; but otherwise, and provided the night's march had been of moderate length—for they always migrated to some new spot as soon as the moon rose—he was cheerful, and generally inclined for talk with Walter. They had been now a week up in the mountains, without any news from Palermo, and during that period, besides repeating those favourite fragments of his autobiography respecting his early struggles with which his companion was already acquainted, he had become unexpectedly communicative with him concerning his domestic affairs. It was easy to see that Sir Reginald Selwyn, Baronet of the United Kingdom, was no longer an object of admiration with his father-in-law, and his antipathy towards him obviously increased with every day's delay in the arrival of the ransom. A man of business would have got the thing managed within twenty-four hours of the receipt of the authorisation, he would say; and a man of courage and action, such as Sir Reginald had the reputation of being, would have seen that the troops had made short work of the brigands, and procured their release

that way ; but as it was, nothing was done, and there might just as well be no Sir Reginald in existence. Of course, it would have been easy for Walter to have inflamed the old merchant's mind against his relative still more, by merely relating the truth about him, but he did all he could to discourage the topic ; yet he could not help learning some particulars of the voyage from England in the *Sylphide*, which certainly shewed the ex-dragon in no favourable light. In that limited sphere of existence, and always under the eye of his companions, Sir Reginald had not been quite so successful as at Willowbank in concealing his true character. His harshness to Lotty, which her sister's eyes had long detected, had become visible to her father's also, who had not hesitated to express his opinion on the subject ; the baronet, too, in a moment of ungovernable ill-temper, had expressed his own, which was to the effect, that persons in business had better stick to their business, for which they alone were fitted, and not interfere with officers and gentlemen in matters of behaviour, of which they were not qualified to judge. There had been, in fact, what Mr John Pelter would have designated as 'a rough-and-tumble' between the old merchant and his son-in-law, and though the quarrel had been patched up, the sticking-plaster had evidently been inefficient.

'I am not a man to be blinded by the glitter of a title, Mr Litton,' said Mr Christopher Brown, 'and you will remember how, from the very first, I opposed myself to poor Lotty's marriage with this gentleman. It would have been better for my own peace of mind, if I had been less soft-hearted, and refused to countenance it at all. It was wrong in me, as a matter of principle, in my position as a father whose wishes had been placed at defiance. The money that that fellow has had out of me in one way or another,' added he, with an irritation that took his would-be dignity off its legs, 'would astonish you, Mr Litton ; and my impression is, that that money has been thrown away.'

So frankly, indeed, did Mr Brown converse about his domestic relations and private affairs, that Walter, feeling it was only to the circumstances of their position that he owed this confidence, and that in case the merchant should regain his liberty he would repent of his candour, was quite embarrassed, and did all he could to turn the conversation into another channel. He questioned him about the time he had spent at Palermo—and, strangely enough, Mr Brown never reciprocated this curiosity ; either his egotism forbade him to inquire what had brought Walter to Sicily, or, having some suspicion of the cause, he refrained from alluding to it. Concerning the circumstances of his capture, however, the merchant conversed readily enough. He was always, indeed, eager for talk—perhaps because it prevented him from indulging in melancholy reflections, or apprehensions which were more serious than he cared to own. The seizure of the *Sylphide* had happened almost as much by accident as design, or rather luck had befriended the brigands to an extraordinary degree. Had even the light wind held with which the yacht had sailed from Palermo, its owner would have escaped their hands ; but they had speculated upon the very thing that had taken place, and been successful. Unwilling to lose so great a prize as the person of the English milord, the hope of which had animated them for

weeks, they had followed the course of his vessel, which was of necessity along the coast and close in shore ; and, under cover of the night, embarking in a small fishing-boat, had boarded her in sufficient numbers to make resistance from unarmed men, taken unawares, without avail. The steersman, who was the only one on deck at the time of the seizure, had indeed tried to give the alarm, for which he had paid the penalty with his life's blood—the traces of which Walter and Francisco had discovered ; but the rest of the crew had been overpowered without a struggle, and, since it was by no means Corrali's policy to encumber himself with useless prisoners, had been set upon the road to Messina, from which far-away town no danger could be apprehended from the troops for many days. Lest any of these sailors should make their way back to Palermo, the road, as we have seen, had been strictly guarded, though that, of course, did not prevent Francisco's return to that city, upon whose report, no doubt, the soldiers had been sent out by the governor.

It was to the well-meant efforts of these emissaries of justice that the inconveniences of Mr Brown and Walter were now owing, and to which it seemed only too likely that their lives would in the end be sacrificed. It was positively certain that Corrali would never permit his prestige to suffer by allowing them to be rescued alive out of his power ; and, on the other hand, the cordon was drawn so strictly all around them, that it was most improbable that those in charge of the ransom would be able to break through, and reach their ever-shifting camp. It was not even certain—for they had had no news from the city since Lilian had been sent back—that the ransom was on its way. Poor Mr Brown had now become as eager to pay it as he had previously been disinclined to do so ; but the professional philosophy that caused him to regard it as a bad debt, had given way to more serious considerations. He had got to understand that it was very literally the price of his blood. Fatigue and privations had not only shaken his determination, but long experience of his lawless masters had somewhat opened his eyes to their true character, and to the perils of his own position. He perceived that his throat was likely to be cut at any moment before he could cry 'Police !' and that it would be of no use to cry it, even if he should have time ; but he did not understand yet that matters might take such a turn that he might be even glad to be put out of life by that summary process. Walter, however, from scraps of talk that he picked up from members of the band, was well aware that some terrible steps were in contemplation, in case the three hundred thousand ducats were not presently forthcoming. For one thing, both he and his companion had been carefully searched, and a penknife, which had been found upon Mr Brown, had been taken from him—in order, no doubt, to prevent his anticipating their cruel treatment, by putting an end to his own existence. The old merchant affected to attribute this to mere malevolence, and bewailed the loss of the little instrument, because of its business associations—he had had it, he said, for twenty years, and had never mended a pen with any other blade ; but it was doubtful whether he himself had not some inkling of the fate in preparation for him. As to Corrali, he maintained a gloomy reserve, never addressing himself to his captives, as heretofore, but

regarding them with a significant scowl, whenever his frowning eyes chanced to fall upon them. They were more strictly guarded, too, than ever, nor were they permitted, as before, to be together, but were located at opposite ends of the camp. It seemed to Walter that he had heard of some such arrangement being made with respect to animals which were destined for the butcher's knife. In their case, it was not the way to fatten them, for, deprived of his companion, the poor merchant began to lose health, and flesh, and spirits; nor did his appetite, which he had possessed at first in such vigour, remain to him. It must be confessed that there was not much to tempt it. The cordon drawn by the soldiers grew every day more strict, and made the task of provisioning the brigands very difficult to the wretched peasants who undertook it at the twofold risk of their lives. They were shot by the military, if detected in aiding or abetting the bandits; and they were certain to fall victims to the latter, when the troops should withdraw, in case they omitted to provide them with food. It sometimes happened that, for days together, no supplies could be brought up, and then some of the band would steal down the mountain, under cover of the night, and bring back what they could: hard cabbage and garlic plucked from some village garden, a piece of sour cheese, and as much black bread as they could carry. It was a feast-day when they came upon a herd of sheep and goats—when they got as much milk as they could drink, and ate the mutton almost raw—with such infinite precautions had the fire to be kindled for cooking it, and of such small dimensions was its flame. And all this time the captives had no change of linen, and only on very rare occasions were they permitted the use of water.

When they had been living for more than a fortnight under these wretched conditions, which, as Walter at least was well convinced, were not likely to be exchanged for better ones, an incident happened which for the moment filled all hearts with joy. A little after sunrise one morning, the brigand call was heard in the valley to westward—that is, in the direction of Palermo—and the whole camp was at once on the *qui vive*. Certain members of the band had been stationed in the neighbourhood of the city, to expedite the arrival of the ransom, and it was confidently expected that they had now arrived with their precious burden. Even Corrali's face expanded into a grim smile at the prospect of this happy result, and for the first time for days, he addressed a few words to Walter.

'It is very well both for you and for me,' said he, 'that I have been so long-suffering; but, to say the truth, my patience had almost reached the end of her tether.'

To Mr Brown he even now did not deign to speak, but regarded him with a grudging look, as a victim who had escaped his vengeance, and whom he regretted to see depart with a whole skin. As for the rest of the band, they had no such repinings; some evinced a childish delight by leaping and dancing, and others already began to gamble in anticipation of the gold that was presently to fill their pockets. In the meantime, Canelli had been sent down to see that all was right, and welcome the new-comers. Presently, he reappeared, making the signal of 'no danger,' but not that which had been agreed upon, to signify the arrival of the treasure. The captives were not aware of

the reason, but they saw that Corrali's face began to gloom, and a shadow had fallen on the general gaiety.

Following Canelli, were now seen two striplings, looking even younger than himself.

'They can surely never have intrusted so much money to boys like that,' observed Mr Brown, who had begun to feel uneasy.

'Alas!' said Walter, 'I fear there is no money.'

'Then Heaven help us,' sighed the merchant despairingly, 'for I believe that man will shed our blood.'

Walter did not answer; he had recognised Joanna and Lavocca in the two new-comers, and a gleam of hope shone into his heart. He felt confident that the former would help them if she could.

The two women came up the hill without raising their eyes from the ground, and Canelli, as he drew nigh, kept shaking his head. It was easy to see that they had brought neither ransom nor good news.

'What brings you here, Joanna,' inquired the brigand chief, in displeased tones, 'when I bade you stay in the cave until you heard from me?'

'A very ugly reason—the mere want of meat and drink, brother,' answered she, with an attempt at lightness in her tone. 'The villagers have brought us nothing for these three days, on account of the soldiers.'

Joanna's swarthy face was very pale, and her large eyes seemed to stand out from her sunken cheeks. Lavocca looked in even worse case, and when she had with difficulty reached the first tree that fringed their camp, she held on to it, as though her limbs needed support. It was evident that both of them were half-starved. Santoro was bounding forward to welcome his sweetheart, when the captain grasped his arm, and pushed him back. 'Look to your prisoner,' cried he gruffly; 'that is your first duty.—Corbara, let the women have food.'

It was an order by no means easy to execute, yet some morsels of coarse bread were handed to them, and a few drops of wine in a tin cup.

When they had refreshed themselves, Corrali began to make a speech, to which every one listened with the utmost interest. His words were uttered with such haste and passion, that Walter could with difficulty catch his meaning; but he seemed to be narrating the history of the band during the last few weeks. Whenever he alluded to his prisoners, his tone increased in bitterness, and he pointed rapidly from one to the other, and then in the direction of Palermo. The words 'starvation,' 'loss,' and 'death' recurred again and again, and then he drew attention to the wasted forms and pale faces of the women. It was plain that he was crediting the unhappy captives with all the misfortunes that had befallen them since the soldiers had been called out. 'And this ransom,' continued he, speaking more slowly, and casting an inquiring look around the band—'this ransom, that was to pay us for all our trouble, and which we thought had just come to hand, where is it? Have we heard even if it exists, or if the bankers are willing to pay it? No; we have heard nothing.'

'Nothing—nothing!' echoed the brigands gloomily.

'For all we know, this old man here may have been aware from the first that the money would not be sent; there may have been something wrong—purposely wrong—in his letter of authorisation; he may have trusted all along to the chapter of accidents, to the chances of escape, or of his being rescued by the troops; and, in the meantime, he may have been making fools of us.'

A menacing murmur broke out at this, and many a face was turned with fury in the direction of the unhappy merchant, who, pale, and trembling with apprehensions of he knew not what, looked eagerly at Walter, as though he had not been as powerless as himself.

'At all events,' resumed the chief, after a judicious pause, 'it is my opinion that it would be idle to wait this gentleman's pleasure any longer. As it is, we have borne with him far more patiently than is customary with us, and folks are beginning to say: "This Corrali and his men are not what they were; the presence of the soldiers alarms them; captives have only to be obstinate enough, and they will carry their point against these stupid brigands."'

'Stupid?' repeated Corbara, playing with his knife, and glaring from Walter to Mr Brown, as though debating with himself upon which to commence his operations. 'We will let them know that we are not stupid.'

'It has always hitherto been our rule, that when a ransom is not settled within a reasonable time, the captive should pay it in another fashion,' proceeded Corrali; 'and in this case, when we have been driven from our camping-ground, shot at by the troops, into whose hands two of our men have fallen, and by whom one has been slain, is it right that we should make an exception? Shall we ever see Manfred again, or Duano, think you?'

'Never!' cried the brigands gloomily; 'they are as good as dead.'

'We have the absence, therefore, of three friends to avenge; one life, as it were, to count against us in any case. These two should, therefore, not be permitted to die slowly.'

'You are right, captain,' said Corbara, drawing his hand across his mouth, which always watered at the prospect of a wickedness. 'But there is no reason why we should not set about the matter at once.'

The two brigands to whose custody Mr Brown was confided here each laid a hand upon his wrist, and Santoro and Colletta drew a pace nearer to Walter. It was evident that the long-delayed hour of revenge had come at last.

'I would wish to say a word or two, brother,' said a soft clear voice, 'before a deed is done of which we may all repent ourselves.'

'You may say what you please, Joanna,' observed Corrali coldly; 'these men, however, are not your prisoners, but ours.'

'The English girl was mine, until you sent me word that she was to be set free,' answered Joanna coldly; 'and since you have taken her, I claim him yonder'—and she pointed to Walter—'as my captive in her place.'

A shout of disapprobation burst from all sides at this audacious demand.

'It seems to me that the signora has fallen in love with our young Englishman,' laughed Corbara coarsely.

Joanna's eyes flashed fire, and her cheek lost all

its paleness for an instant, as the words met her ear; but she answered nothing, only looked with passionate appeal towards her brother, as though she would have said: 'It is your place to cut that fellow's tongue out.'

'Indeed, Joanna,' answered he coldly, 'such a proposal as yours seems to me to excuse a man's saying almost anything. These Englishmen are the common property of us all, and though it is true the signora was given to yourself, yet she was set free with a view to benefit you. You would have had a fair share of the ransom, had it been obtained, but it has not been obtained, and it is no fault of ours that the retaliation we intend to take for its non-arrival will not afford you gratification.'

'Gratification!' echoed she, contemptuously. 'When these men are dead—to-morrow, or the next day, or even the day after—will the recollection of your cruelties be worth to you three hundred thousand ducats? That the money has not arrived, is not their fault, but yours. If you had sent some responsible person to manage the affair, instead of a dying woman, you would have all been rich men by this time. Why, for all you know, she may never have reached the city alive, much more in a condition to settle matters with the bankers. Ask Santoro there, who helped to take her down to the village, whether she looked more dead or alive.'

'The signora was very weak and ill, no doubt,' said Santoro, upon whom a pleading look from Lavocca had not been thrown away. 'It was my belief that she would not get over the journey.'

'And yet, you intrusted this important affair to such an envoy!' continued Joanna bitterly. 'One would think that three hundred thousand ducats was a sum as easily extracted as the ransom of a village mayor.'

'It is doubtless a large sum,' observed Corrali coldly; 'and since it has not been paid, the forfeit will be made proportionate.'

'Yes; but it would have been paid, had you gone the right way about it; and if you are not all mad, or thirsting for blood, like that brute Corbara yonder, you may have it yet.—Think, my friends, of what may be purchased for three hundred thousand ducats, and how much greater pleasure you will take in the spending of it than in what you now propose to do!'

'What you say is doubtless very true, Joanna,' replied Corrali in the same tone; 'but unless you have something else to propose to us than to have patience'—

'I have something else to propose,' interrupted she; 'I suggest that the error which you committed in sending a dying woman to negotiate so important an affair shall be repaired. Let another envoy be chosen, who will not let the grass grow under his feet. You talk of precedents, and surely this has often been done before. When a captive is taken with a servant, is it not our custom to send home the man to manage matters for his master's release? And though, it is true, this young Englishman here is no servant, he is of no more value to us in the way of ransom than if he were; while, on the other hand, he understands milord's affairs far better, being his friend.'

'It seems to me, captain, that there really is something in this,' observed Santoro, on whom the

masked battery of Lavocca's eyes had been playing incessantly during her mistress's speech.

'Something, yes,' laughed Corbara scornfully; 'and it is easy enough to see what it is, so far as the signora is concerned.'

Corralli looked carelessly about him, as though to invite others to express their opinions, if they were so pleased, and presently his eye fell on Canelli.

'Come, you are the youngest of us,' said he, 'and are not prejudiced in favour of brigand customs. How does it strike you, merely judging by common-sense, with respect to this proposition of my sister's?'

'Indeed, it seems to me,' returned the lad, with a glance of ill-favour towards Walter, 'that a bird in the hand is always worth two in the bush.'

'Or, rather, you should say, in this case, Canelli, that two birds in the hand are worth one in the bush,' observed the captain; a sally which evoked approbation, but no laughter, a sign that the brigands' humour was serious indeed. 'You see, my dear Joanna,' continued Corralli gravely, 'that the opinion of us all—or nearly all—is opposed to yours in the matter; and, for my part, I do not wonder at it. It is true that this gentleman'—here he pointed to Walter—'is poor; but we fixed his ransom at a certain insignificant sum—three thousand ducats, which has not been paid. His life, therefore, is forfeited, as much as milord's yonder. If we send him on this embassy, what guarantee should we have that we shall ever see him again? At present, we have his skin; but if he gets to Palermo, he will pay us neither in purse nor person.'

'That is clear as the sunshine,' observed Canelli approvingly: 'there will be but one prisoner left to us out of three, and not a single ducat.'

'That is so,' murmured a dozen voices. Even Santoro was obliged to acknowledge the merciless correctness of this arithmetic.

'You shall not lose the ducats,' answered Joanna steadily. 'In case the young man does not return on the appointed day, I will pay his ransom out of my own purse.'

'You must be mad, Joanna,' cried Corralli angrily.

'On the contrary, it is you that are mad, Rocco, who will risk nothing, when there is a prospect of gaining so much. I see plainly that, by this plan, we shall gain all we have looked for, and I am not blinded by passion, like some of you.'

'By Heaven, I am not sure of that!' muttered Corralli between his teeth.

'At all events, my friends, you will have the three thousand ducats to do what you please with,' said Joanna; 'and if one of you should win it all at baccara, he will have a fortune.'

'I like that idea, I confess,' observed Colletta, who had great luck at cards; 'besides, we should still have milord yonder to amuse us;' and he pointed to the unhappy merchant, who, having long given up the attempt to understand what was going on, had sat himself down cross-legged, more melancholy than any tailor in a 'sweater's' shop.

'In order that there may be no doubt about the matter, my friends,' said Joanna, 'you shall have the three thousand ducats at once—Santoro, yonder, knows where they are kept, and shall go with any one of you to fetch them this very moment.'

Eloquence and logic are both very well in their

way, but the conviction they carry with them is slight, when compared with the persuasive power of ready-money. The captain, indeed, was displeased, not so much that Walter should escape him, as because he felt that Joanna had made a fool of herself, on account of the young fellow, and that the three thousand ducats would be a dead 'loss to the family;' and Corbara was furious, since the cruelties, for which he had as morbid an appetite as an American Indian, must necessarily be delayed. But, with these exceptions, the whole band were now in favour of Joanna's plan.

Walter had listened to these proceedings with intense interest, but even when the moment had apparently arrived for his being put to the most cruel tortures, he had scarcely been more moved than when he heard the generous proposal of his late hostess. While it was in debate, he had uttered not a syllable, nor even by a look expressed the gratitude with which it had inspired him, lest he should do it prejudice; but now that matters had declared themselves in his favour, he addressed the brigand chief as follows: 'I am fully aware, Captain Corralli, of the great kindness which your sister has shewn me, and of the generosity of the offer she has made; it is impossible for me to over-rate the confidence she has reposed in me; but you may be certain of this, that it is not misplaced. If I am alive, I shall return to you at any reasonable date you may please to fix, either with my ransom or without it.'

'And with your friend the milord's ransom,' put in the captain quickly. 'It is on that account—and not upon your own, remember—that we give you permission to depart.'

Joanna was about to speak, but Corralli stopped her angrily: 'You have got your way, woman, and be content with it. The arrangement of the rest of the affair remains in my hands.—To-day is Tuesday. You will understand, then, at this hour, at eight o'clock in the morning'—and the captain again indulged himself in consulting one of his splendid watches—'you will present yourself on this very spot on Friday.'

'The time is very short,' pleaded Walter, 'since there may be much to be done.'

'Then we will say eight o'clock in the evening, which will give you twelve hours more. At eight o'clock next Friday evening, then, we shall know whether an Englishman can be trusted to keep his word or not. After that hour, we shall begin to send you little mementoes of your fellow-countryman yonder; first his ears, next his fingers, and then, one by one, his larger limbs, till he becomes a torso. If the word of an Englishman should fail, that of a Sicilian will not; I mean it, by Santa Rosalia!' and the captain took a silver image of the local saint that hung about his neck, and kissed it fervently, as an honest witness does the Testament at the Old Bailey.

'O Walter, Walter, you are not going to leave me!' cried the old merchant wofully, perceiving that his friend was about to depart.

'I shall come back again, Mr Brown; I shall indeed.'

'No, no; you will never do that,' exclaimed the other despairingly; 'it is contrary to human nature.'

'I will, sir. So Heaven help me! as I am a Christian man, and a gentleman, I will return, either to set you free, or to die with you. There

is some hitch about the ransom, and I am going to Palermo to expedite matters. Don't fret, sir; all will be well yet, thanks to this generous lady.'

Poor Mr Brown's sagacity had by no means penetrated the disguises of Joanna and Lavocca; if he had done so, and had understood the nature of the obligation which the former had conferred upon him, he would doubtless have duly acknowledged it; as it was, he only looked wildly round in search of a female form. Walter, who had been permitted to cross the camp, to bid his friend farewell, explained to him, not without some embarrassment, how matters stood.

'But what has made the woman so civil to us?' inquired the merchant eagerly.

'She has a kind heart; it was she who sent the bread and mutton, when you were half-starved the other day.'

'But she has got pistols in her sash, and a long knife,' expostulated Mr Brown, 'and she wears'—

'Hush! yes; never mind. I must go now, for every minute is precious. Is it possible, think you, that anything should be added to the authorisation you sent by Lilian?'

'Nothing; it was quite in form. Still, I will write one line, if these wretches will give me pen and paper.'

Corralli produced the necessary implements, and the merchant wrote: 'Spare no expense, and trust implicitly the bearer; (signed) CHRISTOPHER BROWN.' 'Give my dear love to Lilian, and should I never see her again, nor you'—

'You will see me again this day week,' interrupted Walter hastily; he thought it base to take advantage of such an opportunity, though it was evident that the merchant had been about to couple his name with Lilian's. 'Good-bye, sir, for the present, and be of good courage.'

'Farewell, Walter, farewell; and God be with you!' answered the old man, with choking voice.

'Amen!' replied Walter solemnly.

Then the members of the band, with the exception of Corbara, who stood scowling apart, flocked round him to bid him good-bye; the same hands which had been itching to inflict death and torture upon him an hour ago, being now held forth to him with good-will, and even gaiety. Corralli alone was grave.

'You will not misunderstand your countryman's position here, because of all this,' said he, alluding to these manifestations of friendship.

'Neither his, nor my own,' answered Walter with dignity. 'I know there is no mercy to be expected for either of us, in case the ransom is not forthcoming.'

'And yet you will keep your word?'

'And yet I shall keep my word.'

The captain smiled incredulously as he held out his hand. 'Santoro here will be your guide to Palermo—and back again, if you ever do come back.'

Then Walter looked about him for Joanna, for whose ear he had reserved some heartfelt expressions of gratitude; but both she and Lavocca had disappeared. He was distressed at this, yet, at the same time, was conscious of a sense of intense relief. He felt that Corbara had been right in imputing to the chief's sister a personal affection for himself, which it was impossible he could reciprocate. In that supreme moment, all coxcombery

was out of the question, and matters were compelled to present themselves in their true light. Joanna loved him; and since he loved another, it almost seemed to him, though guiltless of deceit, that he had obtained the precious boon of freedom under false pretences.

DEEP-SEA EXPLORATIONS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

BEFORE leaving Christmas Harbour, a cairn was erected on the north-east point of the harbour, in which was deposited a detail of the proceedings of the ship, with advice and instructions to those who were soon to follow to observe the transit. On the last day of January the vessel left the harbour, and the following day started from the south point of the island, which was called Cape Challenger, for Heard Island. When midway between the two islands, a sounding was obtained in 150 fathoms; and twice, the following night, 100 fathoms were found, whilst at other times no bottom was found in 220 and 425 fathoms; shewing that a submarine connection existed between the islands, but of very irregular formation.

Light winds and thick fogs prevented the land being made until the morning of the 6th February, when Meyer's Rock and McDonald Island were seen. Both these are little other than rocks: the first rises 450 feet precipitously from the sea; the other is 630 feet high, and about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile long by half a mile broad. They lie about 25 miles west from Heard Island, which is the principal and largest of the group, being about 25 miles long and 7 miles broad. The mountains in the centre of Heard Island rise some 6000 feet above the level of the sea, and from their sides the glaciers descend to the water's edge; but unfortunately during the time the expedition was at the island, the clouds obscured the summits. The *Challenger* anchored in Corinthian Bay (or, as the sealers call it, 'Whisky Bay,' from the quantity of that spirit consumed there on the arrival each year of the store-ship) on the afternoon of the 6th. Here they found a party of sealers, most of them being Portuguese from the Cape Verde Islands. The principal men, however, were Americans. How the indolent Portuguese could be prevailed on to submit to banishment in such a climate, may be wondered at, but probably they had good reasons for leaving their country. The party were living in almost hermetically closed houses, sunk in the ground for warmth, as well as for protection from the prevailing violent gales. There are about forty men thus housed in various parts of the island, each party having a defined line of shore to watch for stranded sea-elephants. The life these men lead is both hard and monotonous: they engage for three years, and at the expiration of that period consider themselves fortunate if they return home with fifty pounds in their pockets. Even that proves no benefit to them, for after a few weeks of debauchery in the slums of New York, they are again penniless, and return to the ship before she has completed her refit, and in her come back to their wretched life of seal-hunting. But even seal-hunting on these far-away islands will soon come to a close. The indiscriminate butchery of the cubs as well as the grown seals will soon tell, as it has at Prince Edward Island and the Crozets; the seals will disappear, not from

being hunted, but by extermination. Would that some international law existed to restrain the savage brutality of these wasteful and cruel men, although it is easy to perceive how difficult it would be to enforce any law in such an out-of-the-way place as this!

It was the intention of Captain Nares to examine Heard Island, but a lowering barometer warned him off; so, as the bay is open, and it was dangerous to delay, he put to sea, only in the nick of time, as a furious gale burst on them. The sea rose tremendously, and, striking the vessel, forced in two of the ports on the main deck. But the gales in high latitudes are not of long duration, and this one was followed by a beautiful day, with a favourable breeze, which sped them on their way to the southward at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour.

On February 11th, in $60^{\circ} 52'$ S. lat., and $80^{\circ} 20'$ E. long., the bottom, at 1260 fathoms, was found to consist of diatom ooze. The first iceberg was met with on the same day and in the same latitude. Soon after, others were seen, and the ship's course was altered to pass near one. This brought all hands on deck to view the novel sight, and much was it enjoyed, for but few objects are more beautiful than one of these monsters of the polar regions. The rich cobalt blue of the caverns and fissures blending with the white of the ice, and the breaking waves dashing against it from the dark blue sea, are grand in the extreme; whilst the dazzling delicacy of the fringes of icicles glittering in the sun gives it the appearance of being fairy wrought. In passing, the chill from the ice is felt, and produces a feeling of such awe as causes one to hold his breath; and, to the meditative mind, the comparison will arise between the size of the mighty mass of ice and the ship that is passing with its hundreds of souls on board; from the ship it will descend to the unit self, and the proud man is humbled. Even the most careless cannot witness one of these mighty manifestations of the power of the Creator without a subdued feeling.

On the 12th, the voyagers reached the edge of the pack-ice, in latitude $65^{\circ} 42'$, and dredged in 1675 fathoms. Here was another polar wonder, for, far as the eye could reach from the mast-head, there was one mass of pure ice. On the 16th, the Antarctic Circle was crossed in longitude $78^{\circ} 22'$ E., the edge of the pack having been followed. On the 23d, they were within twenty miles of the position assigned by Lieutenant Wilkes of the American Antarctic Expedition to some mountainous land he called 'Termination Land;' but although the weather was clear, no land was to be seen. An iceberg was photographed, and the effect of firing at one was tried. A twelve-pound shot was first fired into one from a distance of about thirty yards; this brought down a great quantity of ice in slabs. Another shot, fired from a greater distance, buried itself in the ice without any apparent effect.

On the 24th, a heavy gale from the south-east was experienced, accompanied by the usual thick weather and heavy snow-squalls; this placed the ship in imminent danger, as she was surrounded by icebergs, and a distance of one hundred yards could not be seen in any direction. During the afternoon, in the thickest part of a squall, a large iceberg was suddenly seen on the lee-bow, on which the ship was drifting bodily. There was no

room to go ahead; the engines were reversed, and a part of the close-reefed maintopsail thrown aback. Fortunately, the ship gathered sternway, and just cleared it. After passing the iceberg, an endeavour was made to turn it to account by bringing the ship under its lee, to use it as a breakwater; but with full steam, and fore-and-aft sails, the gale was too strong to allow the ship to be brought head to wind, and there was therefore nothing to be done but to allow her to drift. In the evening, the weather slightly cleared, and while close to leeward of another berg, the ship was brought round on the opposite tack, and, as the distance between the two bergs was known to be clear, an anxious night was spent passing too and fro between them, steam enabling the ship to hold her ground. During this gale, the thermometer fell to 22° , and with the wind blowing so strong, it was piercingly cold.

With the following morning fair weather returned, and as the wind had blown from off the pack, the ice at its edge was open, and allowed the ship to push in to some distance, and to get within fifteen miles of Wilkes's Termination Land; but again, with a clear day, nothing was seen of it, and from this it was concluded that no land did exist in or near that position. In the afternoon, the ship stood to the northward, and with a fine south-west breeze the ice was soon left behind.

On the 26th, the day was spent in dredging in somewhat less than 2600 fathoms, the deepest water found since leaving the Cape of Good Hope. In the afternoon a gale sprung up with thick sleet, and another night of extreme anxiety was before them; but fortunately, just before dark, the voyagers fell in with an unusually large iceberg, and this time a friendly one, for by the help of steam the ship was enabled to maintain a position under its lee throughout the night.

The next morning with a strong favourable gale they bore up for Australia, in noways loath, after their short experience, to leave the icy seas. On the 3d March the tube brought up diatom ooze from a depth of 1950 fathoms. The registering thermometer shewed a temperature at the bottom of 31° . The last iceberg was seen on the following day in lat. $53^{\circ} 17'$ S., long. $109^{\circ} 23'$ E.

Those who visit the antarctic seas after having been in the arctic, are greatly disappointed in the form of the icebergs, for while those of the north assume every fantastic shape that fancy can conceive, the southern ones are nearly table-topped lumps of ice, precisely the same in form as on the day they parted from their parent glacier: these more resemble huge Twelfth cakes divested of their ornaments than anything else. In the warmer northern seas, icebergs melt more quickly, and assume far more picturesque appearances; but in the Southern Ocean the temperature of the water through which the icebergs drift is below the freezing-point of fresh water, and therefore insufficient in heat to melt the ice. It is only after they have moved a considerable way northwards that the regularity of their shape begins to be interfered with. As the berg travels from the pole, it first reaches a latitude where the summer sun has the power of heating the surface-water slightly above the freezing-point without affecting that immediately below it; this has the effect of melting a notch in the side of the berg all round it, at and just above the sea-level;

but this notch was not observed to extend into the ice in any case more than about thirty feet. As the warm water becomes still warmer as the berg floats farther north, it has naturally greater power, and deep caves or caverns are formed, which offer increased facilities for wave-washing the larger they become, until the mass being weakened, large pieces become detached. As this alters the centre of gravity, the berg lurches over, and either forms a slope, or a long spur or tongue rises; and thus the work of destruction proceeds, until the form of the berg is altogether changed, and that part which formed the tongue may become its topmost pinnacle. Hence the greater variety of form in the bergs seen by ships passing south on an arc of the great circle in comparatively low latitudes. The portions that break away from the berg are termed *calves*, and they are often of far greater danger to shipping than the bergs themselves, for the latter have a reflected light that renders them visible at a little distance on the darkest night; whereas, the calf, although it may be several hundred tons in weight, is not perceptible, or if so, may readily be mistaken for the top of a sea breaking.

The trawling after the sounding on the 26th March proved extremely interesting, and the same chocolate-coloured mud was found at similar depths in the Atlantic.

On the 17th March the expedition reached Melbourne, having completed the voyage so far to the satisfaction of all, though not without sincere gratulations at being once more safe in port.

Five serial temperature observations were obtained in the southern ocean which indicated another feature in oceanic circulation, in that a cold stratum of water exists between two of a higher temperature. This cold stratum first made its appearance in latitude 52° S., and gradually decreased in temperature to the Antarctic Circle. It is probably caused by the fact, that as in the winter the ice and surface-water must necessarily be colder than the underlying water, and that during the short summer the surface-water is heated by the solar rays, which have not power to penetrate to any great depth; or the effect of the vast number of icebergs gradually thawing may tend to produce the cold stratum, as the fresh water thawed from the lower part of the berg at a temperature of 32° being lighter than the salt water, would rise towards the surface.

The *Challenger* did not make a long stay at Melbourne, but proceeded on the 1st April to Sydney to refit, which was much required after the buffeting she had experienced in the antarctic seas. Here the vessel was docked, rigging and sails overhauled and repaired, and all preparation made for continuing the voyage.

On the 12th June, the expedition left Sydney—after having been obliged to put back once—for Wellington, New Zealand, and commenced a sectional line of soundings immediately on quitting the Heads. Much importance was attached to this line of soundings by the inhabitants of New South Wales and New Zealand, in view of the project of connecting these two important colonies by telegraph cable. The deepest water found was 2900 fathoms, in 34° 50' to 36° 41' S. lat., and 155° 28' to 158° 29' E. long., and again the chocolate-coloured clay was found. In other soundings the bottom was generally found to consist of globi-

gerina ooze or gray ooze. The temperature of the bottom was 33° in the deepest sounding. In three instances, twice within three days, the line parted. Some stormy weather was experienced, and a very heavy sea. In Cook Strait, a man who was in the chains was washed overboard; he was not missed till some minutes after, when the ship was immediately hove to, but no traces of him could be seen; he must have gone down at once with the heavy sea that was running at the time.

A week was spent at Wellington, where the weather was very unfavourable. The taking in of coals and provisions was completed, and on the 6th July, the *Challenger* weighed her anchor. In consequence, however, of a dense fog accompanied with heavy rain, she was obliged to anchor in Wonsler Bay for the night, but proceeded the next morning. A good haul with the trawl was made on the 8th, bringing up specimens of holothuria, shrimps, worms, &c. On the 10th, in seven hundred fathoms, several large fishes were brought up in the trawl; and on the 12th, Macauley Island, of the Kermadec group, was seen. Soundings made on the 14th and 15th in 29° 55' to 28° 33' S. lat., and 178° 14' to 177° 50' W. long., at a depth of 520 to 630 fathoms, found a rocky bottom, with a temperature of about 40°. On the 19th they reached Tongatabu, one of the Friendly Islands. This island is the finest of the group, and now the most civilised; it is very low, when compared with many of the Pacific islands, being almost flat, with the exception of a few hillocks about forty feet high. Like most coral formations, it is crescent-shaped, having the convex side to the south, so that the harbour and town of Nukalofa is towards the north. The island abounds with cocoa-nuts, bananas, oranges, &c., but water is very scarce, and the little it has is not good. The climate is very trying, on account of the heat in the day (often reaching 90° in the shade), and the sudden change to cold at night, together with heavy dew. The soil is rich, but the inhabitants are too lazy to cultivate it.

No sooner was the *Challenger* at anchor than she was surrounded by canoes, and the natives speedily found their way on board; they are a fine, handsome race of men, with intellectual features. The king, George Tabou, was called upon: he is now seventy years of age, and is reputed to have been a great warrior in his youth. He and his subjects have embraced Christianity, but of rather different denominations, there being both a Catholic and a Wesleyan missionary on the island. The church, which is situated on the highest hillock, and is the most conspicuous building on the island, was visited at a time when one of the natives was preaching; it is capable of containing a congregation of seven to eight hundred, and is substantially built: the singing was creditable, and the time good. Schools also have been established, and the power of the missionary is almost co-equal with that of the king. The dress of the natives is the usual *tapa*, wrapped round the loins, but some of them have adopted the European dress, and are not a little proud of the distinction. The men are only permitted to visit a ship on condition of wearing a shirt, and the women not at all.

On the 22d, Tongatabu was left; and three days after the expedition reached Kandavu, and anchored in Ngaloa harbour.

From the Fiji Islands the *Challenger* proceeded through the New Hebrides group to Torres Strait,

and visited Somerset, Cape York; and then passing through the Banda Sea and the Molucca Passage, touching at Dobbo, Ki Doulan, and Banda Islands, arrived at Manila on the 4th November, and after a short stay, proceeded to Hong-kong, at which port she arrived on the 19th November; and here for the present our narrative ends.

INCIDENT IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

JEANNE ARNAUD sat at the close of day under the great old chestnut tree before her own door. She was a very handsome Norman peasant, of about twenty-four years of age, with well-cut features, and fine eyes. Her costume became her well; and in material was so fine that it, as well as her surroundings, testified to the well-being of the family of which she was the house-mother. At her feet, playing with a lapful of daisies, sat a lovely boy of about two years old, a very fair, golden-haired child, richly dressed in cambric and lace, with a blue sash and coral. They made an idyllic picture of domestic happiness, set in a background of rural beauty. The cottage behind them—in the walls of which black and white timbers formed a framework for the yellow clay—was covered with a vine and a climbing rose-tree laden with white roses, which scented the air with their perfume. There was a garden of vegetables and flowers on one side of the dwelling, in which hives stood under the shelter of the eaves; on the other side, a little rivulet sped gaily along, with a pleasant ripple and murmur.

From where she sat, Jeanne looked down on the village, and could see the red glittering of the sunset on the cross which surmounted the little church, and the blue smoke curling up from the cottage chimneys. Over all, the glory of sunset was falling; and on the languid breeze, heavy with perfume, came the afar-off sound of sheep-bells, and the lowing of kine. In the branches of the trees a blackbird at times chanted a portion of his evening hymn. Was there ever a scene or hour which spoke more emphatically of peace? Yet it was far from the breast of the young woman knitting beneath the walnut tree; Jeanne Arnaud was at that moment the victim to a strong temptation.

She had been chosen as nurse to the infant heir of her seigneur, and, in consideration for such service, had been installed in the best cottage on the estate, with permission to keep a cow and poultry in the neighbouring fields. Her husband, also, was constantly found in work, and excused from the labour on the roads, which was at that period the especial grievance of the French peasant; for the period to which our story relates is 1770, a time when the sufferings of the poor in France had perhaps reached their climax. But all this prosperity—constant and paid work, good food, and pleasant home—depended on the little life of the babe which Jeanne Arnaud nursed for the beautiful young countess, who, though complying with the fashion of her day, in sending her infant to be nurtured in a peasant's home, had still cared (very exceptionally!) for the comfort of the family in which it was to be reared. One hard condition she had indeed made: she would have no foster-brother for her son; Jeanne must nurse the little count only; and her own

child must be sent out of the village. It was a hard trial for a young woman who adored her first-born babe; but the Arnauuds were poor, and the sacrifice was made. However, Jeanne obtained permission to visit her infant, at her mother's house, for a short time every year.

Madame Gregoire, Jeanne's mother, lived nearly thirty miles away from Mirville. Her house was on a lonely common, some miles—four or five—from a town. Of this fact Madame de Mirville was of course ignorant, or she would never have suffered her child to be so far from medical aid during his teething.

At the end of the first year, Madame Arnaud took this permitted holiday, and arrived rather late one evening at her old home. That same night, the little count was seized with croup, having probably taken cold on his journey. There was no doctor at hand, nor any means of sending for one, for the woman who nursed Jeanne's baby had been summoned away to her mother's death-bed, and Jeanne was too terrified to consent to be left alone with the child while her mother went. The old woman, an experienced nurse, did all she could; but neither honey nor the hot bath availed, and the babe expired in Jeanne's arms. In the gray dawn, Madame Arnaud and her mother stood gazing with blank faces of dismay and consternation on the little dead heir.

'*Hélas!*' moaned Jeanne, 'and we have had no doctor. Madame la Comtesse will *never, never* forgive me. She will not believe that the infant could not have been saved. She will say: "How dared you go so far away from the doctors?" We are ruined; we are lost!'

The grandmother stood silent, looking down moodily on the bed where the little corpse lay. At that moment, Jeanne's own babe was heard crying lustily in the next chamber. The old woman went to it, and returned with it in her arms. 'Here is thy safety,' she said, in a hoarse whisper. 'The babes are both fair, with golden hair and brown eyes, and alike, as all babies are. Happily, no one here has seen the little count. We will bury the dead child as thy son, and thou shalt give the countess thy own child. Such a gift may well atone for the loss of her own babe.'

To this proposal, Jeanne strongly objected. The trick would be a crime, which shocked her sense of honour. The apprehensions of being punished for alleged negligence, and which the mother persistently plied, at length shook the young woman's integrity. It was agreed that the nearest doctor should be invited to inoculate the living child as being that of the countess.

Madame Gregoire set out early for the town, and returned with the doctor, who looked at the tiny corpse, and inoculated the living baby, took his fee, and promised to return the next day. He was quite ready to write and inform the countess that her son was his patient, that inoculation was necessary, &c. So Jeanne obtained an extra month's holiday, to nurse the babe through his illness; and the poor little heir of Mirville was consigned to a peasant's grave in the nearest churchyard.

When she returned home, Jeanne was able to ascribe every change in her nursing to inoculation and change of air, and no suspicion was excited; for Jeanne, to make more certain of not incurring it, had represented the death of her own child as having occurred the day before her arrival at her

mother's. Up to the present moment she had been successful in her project; but now her heart failed her. The count and countess were to arrive that day at the château, and she expected to be sent for—perhaps the next day, as it was now late—to the house to exhibit her nursing to its parents. Would the countess detect the fraud? She might, for a mother's eyes are keen; but then, again, she was very young, very thoughtless, and had not seen her child since he was four months old.

Whilst Jeanne revolved these possibilities in her mind, the shrill bark of a dog attracted her attention, and looking in the direction whence it came, she beheld a lady leading a lap-dog by a blue ribbon, advancing towards her. Jeanne instantly rose, for she recognised the countess. The lady was dressed in the extreme of that fashion with which the pictures of Marie Antoinette have made us familiar; she was very beautiful, and had a sweet innocent expression of countenance.

'Well, *ma bonne*,' she said, in a very pleasant voice, as she reached the spot where Jeanne stood, 'how is my darling babe?'

With a profound courtesy, Jeanne, for all reply, raised and held out the boy in her arms.

'What! this infant mine? What a splendid child he has grown! Do give him to me. Yet stay; I might let him fall. I will sit down, and then you shall put him on my lap.' And the young countess, seating herself on Jeanne's chair, took the babe in her arms, and gazed earnestly and tenderly on him, while the nurse stood by in breathless fear and suspense.

'He is splendid!' cried the young mother, with a sigh of rapture. 'I could not have believed he would have improved so much. My faithful Madame Arnaud, you merit my best thanks for your care of him.' And she extended her hand.

Jeanne took it, courtesying humbly, and murmuring: 'Madame is too good.'

'Can he talk?' asked the countess, kissing the baby hand she held.

'Yes, Madame; he begins to talk.—Monsieur, speak to the beautiful lady.'

The babe looked up in the lovely face of the countess, and murmured: 'Je vous aime, Madame.'

'Oh, you beloved little one,' cried the lady; 'I shall adore you!—Do you know, Madame Arnaud, I am going to be a true mother to him? I never mean him to be away from me any more.'

'Madame!' cried the peasant in a shrill tone of dismay.

'Ah, you fear you will have to part with him! No, *ma bonne*; I will not so reward your faithful care. You shall go with him, and live at the château or at Paris (as it may be) with him.'

Jeanne breathed more freely; not yet was she to lose her boy entirely.

'Madame is too good,' she said humbly; 'it would break my heart to part from my nursing.'

'No need—no need; I shall want you still; though I have learned a mother's duty and a mother's happiness from Jean Jacques Rousseau. But there; you do not understand. Yes; you will come with us, and we will make your husband a recompense for sparing you to us.'

It was clear to Jeanne that André's happiness would not for a moment be taken into consideration by Madame, when her own convenience was to be studied, yet she felt sure that the young lady meant no unkindness, that it was only the

thoughtlessness for others, which was nearly universal then amongst the *aristocrates*. Jeanne would be sorry to part from her husband; but since her child had been restored to her, she had grown to love it with a perfect idolatry. It would, as she said, have broken her heart to part from the babe.

And thus it was settled. André murmured a little, naturally, but never thought of disputing his seigneur's will; and when the young countess returned to Paris, she carried with her the infant and his nurse.

While the child continued a mere infant, the nurse-mother was not unhappy, though she regretted the separation from her husband, and would at any moment have gladly returned to the old home life in the village, for which she often yearned; but as the boy grew older, the bitterness of the deception began to be felt by her.

The countess had a second son—as small and delicate as the first babe had been—and she loved it dearly, for she nursed it herself; but she was not proud of it, as she was of the noble-looking son of the peasant. She was devoted to her (supposed) first-born, who repaid her petting with a wonderful affection, considering his age; and Jeanne began to nourish a bitter jealousy of her lady, who had completely rivalled her in her son's heart; for, though fond of his nurse, he, of course, regarded her simply as an old servant; but he looked up to the countess with chivalrous admiration as well as filial love. He was also very fond of the little delicate brother, four years younger than himself, and resented with angry and haughty words the preference which Nurse Arnaud shewed to himself, when it became injustice to his brother; for Jeanne continued head of the Mirville nursery, with a staff of subordinates, for more than ten years. When the little boys were placed finally under the care of a preceptor, Madame Arnaud received permission to return to her home, her services being liberally rewarded by a pension. She would fain have remained in the family, to be near her son, for gradually she had been weaned from the husband whom she had seen only occasionally; and her almost insane love for her child made her unwilling to be separated entirely from him; but the boy did not support her request to stay, and the countess thought it best that she should go. So Madame Arnaud returned to her home again, childless and embittered.

Her husband had grown morose since his home had been broken up, and was full of the troubled thoughts and wild desires which then stirred France to its depths. Jeanne, hating the countess with an unreasoning jealousy, was quite ready to share his hatred of the aristocrats. A wild dream haunted her then: if only 'the people' gained their 'rights,' all would be equal, and then she might reclaim her son, confess her deceit, and exult in the pain and sorrow of the countess, who had, she often murmured, 'spoiled her life.'

Her earnest desire was to get to Paris; there, at least, she should occasionally see her boy; but André would not hear of such a change. He was a countryman, and he hated the idea of being shut up in a dismal street; so Jeanne had to wait, and only caught an occasional glimpse of her son when the family came to the château, which at last they nearly ceased to do, on account of the troubled state of affairs in the capital.

At last, long after her dismissal from the Mirville

Hôtel, Madame Arnaud became a widow. Her grief for her husband's death was swallowed up in the thought that *now* she was free to live where she pleased. She arranged their little affairs, found that—thanks to the thrift of her husband and herself—she was not left badly off, sent to bid her mother—now an aged woman—join her, and, thus accompanied, proceeded to Paris, and established herself in a small apartment in the *quartier* St-Antoine. The Revolution was by this time growing into the monstrous thing it finally became, and the old woman Gregoire—a worthy specimen of those evil times—took a furious part in it.

For a time, Jeanne was absorbed in her wild efforts to see and speak to her boy. The idea of winning his love, or even of being near him, became a perfect monomania with her; but it was very rarely that she could get a smile or word from her nursing, while all Paris spoke of his love and devotion to his supposed mother. Irritated and embittered by the consequences of her own crime, she at last divided her attention between the task of haunting the footsteps of the Count de Mirville and attending the revolutionary clubs; and, still full of her dream of finally reclaiming her son, associated herself with the unfeminine violence of the Parisian women. Unseen by her, the Count de Mirville once recognised his old nurse in a procession of these furies, and from that day would notice her no more. In vain Jeanne called at the Hôtel de Mirville; the *conciierge* informed her that she would never again be admitted, by order of Madame la Comtesse.

Infuriated, maddened, Jeanne Arnaud at once denounced the De Mirvilles to the Convention—'they were about to emigrate; they were in a plot to release the king.' The family was at once arrested; and the mother and brothers found themselves consigned to the prison of La Force. It was nearly the end of August 1792. On the 2d of September began that awful massacre which stained with inexorable blood the infancy of the French Republic. With inexpressible horror, Madame Arnaud perceived the consequences of her revenge; but she did not despair of her son's safety. She had great influence with the mob; she had often before led them to crime—she would use them now as her André's deliverers. Armed with a pike, she harangued a group of women and men, and told her story. She was heard with singular sympathy by her bloodthirsty audience. 'Her son, of whom she had been so cruelly robbed by those vile aristocrats,' should be restored to her. They rushed into the prison; they forced their way to the cell in which the countess and her sons were confined; they bade the Count de Mirville come forth, for he was one of themselves—the son of André and Jeanne Arnaud, worthy peasants. The people would protect their own children.

The young count listened bewildered. He beheld his nurse; he believed that it was a plot of hers to save him, so he did not deny the statement; he simply refused to leave the prison unless the countess and her son went with him. There was a brief pause. Jeanne knew well that there was not a moment to be lost, by the awful sounds without the prison. She urged compliance with his entreaty; 'the fate of his friends, the aristocrats, would be but deferred,' she pleaded. The bandits obeyed her; and the ferocious troupe, already bloodstained, and carrying heads on their

pikes, escorted the trembling countess and her sons to Madame Arnaud's lodging in St-Antoine, through scenes of unrivalled horror. We need not dwell on the crimes of that 2d of September night; we have only to do with the story of one unhappy woman.

The next day, when the released and preserved prisoners would have thanked Jeanne for her happy *ruse*, they were astonished to hear that she had but spoken the truth—a truth readily confirmed by the testimony of Jeanne's mother. At first, the countess was obstinate in refusing belief to the tale; but no reproaches or threats could shake the testimony of the two women. 'How dared you—how dared you,' at length cried the agonised lady—'how dared you thus impose upon your seigneur?'

'*Hé!*' cried Jeanne, 'and why should I care for my seigneur, when by his and your orders, Madame, I was forced to abandon my own babe—to send it from my home? Had you left my boy in my house, deception would have been impossible, for the neighbours would have known too well which was my babe, and which yours.'

The countess groaned aloud; and yet, when the truth was known, she marvelled in her secret heart that she had not suspected it long ago. Louis was so unlike the family on which he had been grafted. A large, strong man, with great intellect, careless of dress and gaiety, devoted to philosophical research. Moreover, he bore a distinct resemblance to the old woman who claimed him as her grandson. Pierre, the count's real son, was, like his father, a little man, with small elegant features and hands and feet; a *petit-maitre*, who shrank from wetting his feet, and was in all things a representative of his order at that period. Doubt slowly vanished from the countess's mind as she gazed on the supposed brothers. But she still loved Louis—or rather André Arnaud—on whose filial affection she had so long rested.

André himself felt stunned and bewildered; but one thing was clear to him: his supposed mother and brother were in great peril; he read their danger in the baleful countenance of his grandmother. To save them was his first thought. He spoke plainly and sternly to Jeanne: he would never, he told her, acknowledge her as his mother till the countess and her son were saved. If they died, he would die also.

Madame Arnaud, convinced that he meant what he said, used her inborn cunning and her influence with her neighbours to comply with his conditions. She procured disguises and a conveyance; and the mother and son were conducted by André to the gates of Paris in a green-grocer's cart. Thus far only would Madame Arnaud permit him to accompany them. They parted with tears and affectionate farewells, and André saw them pass the gates in safety. Then, a sad and broken man, he returned to his mother's home.

The days and months went on. Madame Arnaud devoted herself to her son, and sought by all possible means to win his affection; but he shrank from her with a repulsion it was impossible for him to disguise.

Jeanne was heart-stricken; she had given up mixing in the events which occupied her *quartier*, since he had been with her, for was he not at heart an aristocrat? But now murmurs of her disloyalty to the people, of her hankering after

aristocrats, met her ear; and Madame Arnaud knew well how fatal suspicion would be both to her and to her son. It was for his sake more than for her own that she sought to prove herself unchanged, and took her knitting to the side of those furies who sat by the guillotine, and watched the daily fall of heads; impressing on her son the need of his abiding in the home she had given him, lest some word or look should betray him to the populace.

One day, weary of the long dismal seclusion, André, after he had watched both his mother and grandmother leave the house, went out himself, and, as fate would have it, wandering listlessly along—unmarked in his peasant garb—found himself close to the guillotine. A row of tumbrils charged with victims stood beneath it, surrounded by a dense crowd.

The tumbrils gave up their loads in turn; the doomed men and women walking to the steps of the guillotine in single file. As André watched them with an aching heart, he suddenly started, and with difficulty repressed a cry. Amongst them, moving with a brave careless grace, he beheld Pierre, Count de Mirville—his sometime brother, who accidentally brushed against André without seeing him. The next moment he was whirled by a strong hand into the midst of the mob, and another walked in his place. Gazing round in bewildered amazement, Pierre found himself free. There was no time to ask who had saved him—not a moment must be lost; he dashed down a side street, and escaped.

Madame Arnaud talked quietly with the *tricotées* beside her of the number of heads already fallen.

'Have you heard the news?' said her neighbours. 'The aristocrats with whom you lived so long ago have been taken and are condemned. I was present at the trial—they are in prison now.'

'What! the *ci-devant* Countess de Mirville?' exclaimed Madame Arnaud.

'Yes; she and her son were discovered in hiding a few miles from Paris—though well disguised—and they will suffer—it may be to-day.'

Madame Arnaud turned pale. What would André say or think? No matter; it was not her fault that they had not succeeded in getting out of France. He could not blame her for it. But she watched in ill-repressed anxiety the prisoners as they reached the guillotine. No face she knew was amongst those pale set countenances! With a sigh of relief her eyes fell again on her work. Suddenly her neighbour nudged her, and exclaimed: 'Here is one of them—the count.'

Jeanne started, gazed breathlessly at a head as it was laid under the fatal steel, then shrieked wildly and loudly, in a voice of agony which none could ever forget: 'My son, my son!' Ere the cry died away, that head rolled into the basket.

'It was the eldest son—the one she nursed so long,' said the woman next her: 'her feelings are natural.'

'Nay, she is an aristocrat at heart,' denounced the fury by her side.

But Jeanne heeded not her denunciation or the other's pity; her reason fled from the hour she beheld her boy die for his supposed brother.

One of the mob amongst whom André had been standing had recognised both him and the count, and pursued the fleeing prisoner, not to re-take him,

as those around supposed, but to lead him to a place of safety. This man had formerly been a groom of the Count de Mirville's. 'It was Monsieur le Comte who saved you, Monsieur,' he said, when they were in shelter. 'He took your place, and is gone to the guillotine in your stead.'

Pierre listened in amazement; then, bursting into tears, he exclaimed: 'I might have guessed it—I might have known! O Louis! O my brother!'

Madame de Mirville remained forgotten for a time in prison, and was finally saved by the death of Robespierre and the end of the Reign of Terror. When she and her son were reunited, she heard from his lips of the self-sacrifice of André Arnaud, and from that moment refused to believe he was not her son.

'It was a falsehood of that wicked woman,' she exclaimed. 'No peasant would have died so nobly. He was my own son—my noble, gallant boy!'

And as a son and brother they mourned for him, inscribing on the monument reared to the memory of the De Mirvilles, the name of Louis, Count de Mirville. Thus, even in death, Madame Arnaud did not regain her boy.

The miserable woman died in a madhouse at Paris—as so many others of the furies of the Revolution did—continually haunted by the memory of that beloved head falling on the scaffold. Insanity did not release her from that awful memory, the Nemesis which followed her sin, till Death, the consoler, set her free.

CIRCUS LIFE.

It is not a little strange that equestrian performances, such as we now understand by the term, are but little more than a century old in England. It is true that manuscripts of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries give us representations of the feats of clever horses, such as gamboling on their hind-legs to the sound of pipe and tabour, or dancing on the tight-rope, while Banks's 'dancing horse' has obtained an immortality through Shakspeare's mention of it in *Love's Labour's Lost*. In Queen Anne's reign, a horse was exhibited on Tower Hill which could fetch and carry and execute other curious tricks; and a French author records 'a grand ballet-dance upon managed horses,' executed before Louis XIII. at a court festival. It is not, however, before the latter half of the eighteenth century that we find the *circus* proper. In 1767, equestrian performances were given in a tea-garden at Islington; and about the same time, one Philip Astley formed a ring with rope and stakes in a field in Lambeth, from which he moved to the site of the amphitheatre near Westminster Bridge, establishing there a rude circus, only partially covered in. Astley, unlike most of his successors, who, Mr Frost* tells us, have lived from their infancy in the odour of the stables and the sawdust, had learned some feats of horsemanship while serving in the army, where he had distinguished himself by the capture of a standard at the battle of Emsdorff. On obtaining his discharge, he was presented by his general with a horse, with which, together with a purchase of his own, he commenced

* *Circus Life and Circus Celebrities*. By Thomas Frost. London: Tinsley Brothers.

a form of amusement, which, to a very late date, was almost exclusively associated with his name. He died in 1814, with the reputation of being the best horse-breaker and trainer of his time. He bought all his horses in Smithfield for five pounds apiece, without regard to their colour or symmetry, provided that they appeared docile.

Mr Frost gives some amusing specimens of early play-bills, which are remarkable for their bad grammar and personal allusions to rival establishments. Thus, the proprietor of the Royal Circus, opened in 1783 in Blackfriars Road, after thanking his patrons for their support, 'acquaints them his antagonist has caught a bad cold so near to Westminster Bridge, and for his recovery is gone to a warmer climate, which is Bath in Somersetshire. He boasts, poor fellow, no more of activity, and is now turned conjuror.' In another bill of the same establishment, 'Hughes has the honour to inform the nobility, &c. that he has no intention of setting out every day to France for three following seasons, his ambition being fully satisfied by the applause he has received from foreign gentlemen who come over the sea to see him.' The same Hughes 'rides at full speed with his right foot on the saddle, and his left toe in his mouth, two surprising feet.' A newspaper of this period (1788) reads strangely as it remarks of Sadlers' Wells Theatre, that it is the only place of amusement at which 'a man may if he chooses get drunk. A pint of liquor is included in the price of admittance, but as much more may be had as any person chooses to call for. . . . This is not permitted at Astley's, the Circus, or the Royalty.' Other circuses were subsequently established on the sites of the present Olympic and Prince of Wales' Theatres, Astley's meantime having attained a notoriety among all classes. The fashionable Horace Walpole pays it a visit in September, a time when he declared London to be 'as nauseous a drug as any in an apothecary's shop,' and is highly delighted; and Johnson, talking of Whitefield, says: 'Were Astley to preach a sermon standing on his head, or on a horse's back, he would collect a multitude to hear him; but no wise man would say he had made a better sermon for that.' At the beginning of the present century, circuses began to travel. They were on a very limited scale, their stud consisting of only three or four horses, nor did they always boast even of a tent. One of these circuses (Bannister's), when located in Edinburgh, obtained the services of David Roberts, the future Royal Academician, who, at a salary of twenty-five shillings a week, was engaged to travel with the circus as its scene-painter. We may contrast with these early shows the monster tenting circuses of America, such as Barnum's World's Fair, with which he took the field in 1873. The transport of this establishment, which comprised a thousand men, five hundred horses, and fifteen hundred wild beasts and rare birds, required one hundred and fifty railway cars. Its daily expenses were five thousand dollars; the tent, which contained three distinct rings for three performances to be given at the same time, could accommodate fourteen thousand spectators. The great street procession, which paraded the town every morning, was three miles long, and, if we may believe Mr Barnum, worth going a hundred miles to see. The museum department, besides its one hundred thousand curiosities, included a national portrait-gallery, and a

collection of classic statuary. Tickets for the show could be issued by the 'lightning ticket-seller' at the rate of six thousand per hour. In America, great trouble is experienced by circus managers from the attempts of crowds of roughs to break into the tent. If they are refused free admittance, they either cut the guy-ropes, or get up a fight with the circus performers. These mammoth establishments carry about the means of camping and living, so as to be independent of hotels and lodging-houses. They are accompanied generally by what are called 'side-shows,' which are entertainments given in a small tent immediately adjoining the big show, under independent management, large bonuses being given by their proprietors for the privilege of accompanying the main circus. The side-shows consist of the exhibition of such monstrosities as animals with a superabundance of limbs, living skeletons, Daniel Lamberts, or pig-faced ladies; or of a minstrel performance, which immediately follows the principal entertainment.

In our own country, the larger equestrian establishments, such as Sanger's or Hengler's, travel only in the summer season. Many of the principal members of such a company have their own 'living carriage,' and, we are assured, lead a healthy, jolly life. Sanger's circus comprises some two hundred persons, upwards of two hundred horses, and no less than eleven elephants. The Messrs Sanger are the present proprietors of old Astley's Amphitheatre, which, a few years ago, an enterprising London manager turned into the Royal Westminster Theatre. But the undertaking did not prosper; a circus it had always been, and to its old uses has it now returned, to the joy of Lambeth, and with the good wishes of all London.

Circus men are, generally speaking, a light-hearted set, save the clowns, who are grave and taciturn out of the ring; they are said to marry young as a rule, are long-lived, and seem never to become superannuated. Moreover, fatal accidents are rarely known, even among those who run the greatest risks in the profession, and such men as the lion-tamers Van Amburgh, Crockett, and Macomo, have died quietly in their beds. Strict sobriety, it need not be said, is essential to their safety; and of Macomo, a famous African lion-tamer, we read that coffee was his only strong drink. The violent deaths of such performers may be always traced to their insobriety or want of temper. Thus, Macarthy, who was torn to pieces while performing, was addicted to drinking; and Helen Blight, a 'lion-queen,' owed her death to her striking a tiger with a whip.

The earliest travelling menageries were those of Wombwell and Atkins, which were formed at the beginning of this century. Of Wombwell we read, that one year, on the occasion of Bartlemy Fair, he travelled to London so quickly from the north, that his one elephant died on the journey. Atkins, a rival showman, forthwith placarded his canvas with the announcement that he had 'the only live elephant in the fair;' whereupon Wombwell, not to be outdone, posted his menagerie with the words, 'The only dead elephant in the fair.' Live elephants had been seen, but no man had seen a dead one, and consequently, Wombwell's show was crowded, his rival's deserted. Wombwell had a lion-tamer on his establishment before Van Amburgh appeared, but the latter is generally credited with the honour

of having introduced the art of lion-taming into England. The Duke of Wellington once asked him if he was ever afraid. Van Amburgh replied: 'The first time that I am afraid, your Grace, or that I fancy my pupils are no longer afraid of me, I shall retire from the wild-beast line.' An old pamphlet which we have met with tells us that her present Majesty was so pleased with Van Amburgh's performance, that she visited Drury Lane Theatre six times within so many weeks, and that on one occasion she gave the animals a close inspection, when they had been purposely rendered ferocious by a fast of thirty-six hours. From the same authority, writing of Van Amburgh's visit to Edinburgh, we learn that the den containing the wild beasts occupied the whole breadth of the stage in the theatre; the strength of the company consisting of two lions and a lioness, a couple of tigers, and half-a-dozen leopards. The leopards would spring upon their master's shoulders, or, spreading themselves on the ground, form pillows for his head. Now he would box with them, growling, snarling, and snapping at him with their fangs; now he would knock their heads together and cuff them, when, if they shewed the slightest signs of displeasure, a hint from their master would bring them grovelling and prostrate at his feet. He would distend the jaws of a lion while it roared, and by shutting and opening them rapidly, break the roar into a succession of sounds that mingled the ludicrous with the horrible. When the lioness snapped and struck at him, he coolly put his face down to her head, and gazing into her eyes until she shrunk back ashamed, brought down the house with applause. One of Van Amburgh's feats was to put his head inside a lion's mouth. This apparently foolhardy act was attended, it should seem, with but slight danger, for, by taking hold of the nostril with one hand, and the lower jaw with the other hand, the performer is master of the situation, *provided always* that the beast does not playfully stick its talons into the man, who, in such a case, stands fast for his life till he has shifted the paw. The fame of this king of lion-tamers, who, as we have seen, came to a peaceful end, has been perpetuated by Landseer's well-known picture, now in Apsley House. Most of the performing lions have been bred in cages, and commence their instruction at a tender age; kindness and fearlessness on the part of their masters being the chief means employed to bring them to subjection. One performing lion in Sanger's circus was so tame that it used to lie at the feet of Mrs Sanger in her impersonation of Britannia, when the cavalcade paraded the towns which the circus visited; and another belonging to the same company is suffered to roam about the house like a cat. Leopards and hyenas are other animals amenable to instruction, and a wolf has been seen in a cage lying down with a lamb.

The female members of the large family of performers, of which we are treating, have naturally always formed an attractive feature in managers' play-bills. One of the most famous of these was Adah Menken, an American of Jewish extraction, who wrote poetry, and translated the *Iliad* when she was in her early teens, and was proficient in the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Spanish, and German languages. Coming to this country with a high reputation as an actress, she created some

sensation at Astley's by appearing as Mazeppa, strapped on a wild horse. During her stay in England she brought out a volume of poems, dedicated, 'by permission,' to Dickens. She had been married to Heenan the pugilist for some years previously to her death, which occurred in Paris, not many years after her first appearance in London. Lulu was another lady who had commenced public life at the Alhambra as a boy on the trapeze, her sex being unknown even to her fellow-performers. She was subsequently famed for her execution of the triple somersault, and a vertical spring of twenty-five feet from the ring-fence. Another female name is that of Made-moiselle Ella, whose grace and beauty formed a theme of admiration, but which must have proved a source of equal disappointment, when it turned out that the lovely Ella was a man! We will conclude this notice of an interesting little book with the quotation which its author aptly repeats out of the mouth of the immortal Seley: 'People mutht be amuthed. They can't be alwayth a-learning, nor they can't be alwayth a-working; they an't made for it. You *mutht* have uth. Do the withe thing and the kind thing too, and make the beth of uth, not the wuth.'

THE GRAVE'S VOICES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY ANTONIA DICKSON.

SUNK as in dreams, and lost in anxious thought
My footsteps brought me to this lonely spot.
To whom belongs the field? this flowery bed?
'The dead.'

Enter thou in, my soul; why shouldst thou fear?
Nought but sweet buds and flowers are blooming here.
Whence comes the essence for these sweet perfumes?
'From tombs.'

See here, O man! where all thy paths must end,
However varied be the way they wend.
Listen! the dead leaves speak; ay, hear thou must:
'To dust.'

Where are the careless hearts that on the earth
Trembled in pain, or beat so high in mirth?
Those in whose breasts the flame of hatred smouldered?
'Mouldered.'

Where are the mighty who take life by storm?
Who e'en to heaven's heights wild wishes form.
What croak the ravens on yon moss-grown wall?
'Buried all.'

Where are the dear ones in Death's cold sleep lying,
To whom Love swore a memory undying?
What wait yon cypress trees?—oh, hear'st thou not?
'Forgot.'

To see where these ones passed, did no eye crave?
May no wild longing pierce beyond the grave?
The fir-trees shake their weird heads one by one:
'None, none.'

The evening wind amid the trees is sighing,
Fettered in dreams, my saddened soul is lying,
The twilight falls, the red glow paleth fast—
'Tis past.'

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